

DAILY POLICE BULLETIN

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

For Circulation Among Police Officers Exclusively

WRITTEN BY

**BRYCE
CARLSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**VANESA
R. DEL REY**

COLORS BY

NIKO GUARDIA

LETTERS BY

ED DUKESHIRE

COVER BY

VANESA R. DEL REY

DESIGNER

KELSEY DIETERICH

EDITOR

ERIC HARBURN



WANTED INFORMATION ON GREGORY VON BRANDT

BETWEEN DATES APRIL 2 AND APRIL 3, 1957

*LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT
KINDLY NOTIFY W. H. PARKER, CHIEF OF POLICE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA*

DESCRIPTION: Male, German, 64 years, 5 ft. 10 in., 157 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, wearing only wedding ring, 1 laceration on neck, 3 lacerations on legs, 9 lacerations on torso. Traces of semen found in and around laceration on stomach below right rib cage. This subject found nude and deceased in alley at 6245 Hollywood Blvd.

Subject on whom information is wanted last seen April 3, 1957 when entering the Frolic Room at approximately 5:45 PM. Subject was not seen exiting the Frolic Room. Subject's mutilated body was found the morning of April 4, 1957. Lacerations and state of the subject's body were consistent with those of murder victims Daniel Gould and Adhamh Tailluir.

This has officially been named a serial homicide. Even though one victim was found in Downtown, local press is calling it the "Hollywood Hacker" case. All officers have

(OVER)


HIT TM **CREATED BY
BRYCE CARLSON**

BOOM!
STUDIOS
BOOM-STUDIOS.COM

HIT: 1957 No. 2 (of 4), April 2015. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Hit is TM & © 2015 Boom Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. BOOM! StudiosTM and the BOOM! Studios logo are trademarks of Boom Entertainment, Inc., registered in various countries and categories. All characters, events, and institutions depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, events, and/or institutions in this publication to actual names, characters, and persons, whether living or dead, events, and/or institutions is unintended and purely coincidental. BOOM! Studios does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material, call: (203) 595-3636 and provide reference #RICH - 612169. PRINTED IN USA.




A HOT
HAND IS
A HELL OF
A THING.




IT SUCKS YOU IN,
FAST AND HARD--
A TASTE OF THE
GOOD LIFE AND
WHAT COULD BE.

LAS VEGAS




SOME PEOPLE ARE
NATURALS. THEY KNOW
HOW TO ROLL WITH THE
PUNCHES AND COME
OUT ON TOP.


THE REST OF US
ARE BORN LOSERS
LIVING ON
BORROWED TIME.



BUT SOONER OR
LATER, EVERYONE
FEELS THAT COLD
BREATH ON THEIR
SHOULDER...

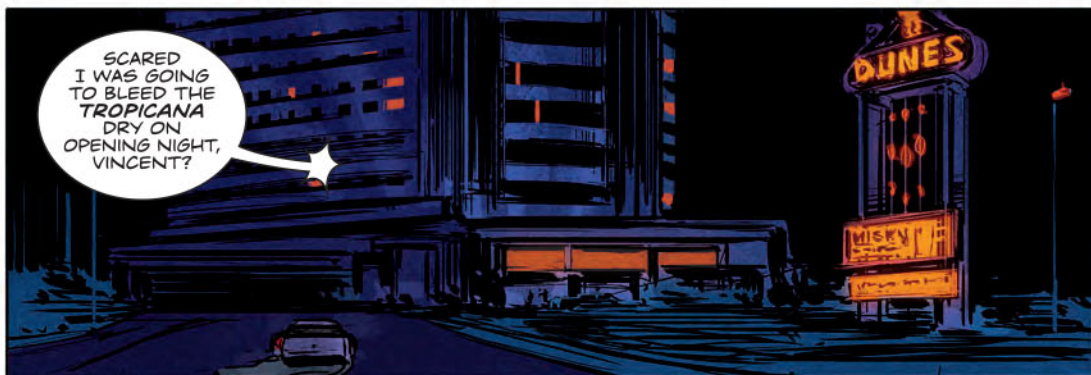


...THE CHILL RUNNING
DOWN THEIR ARM,
INTO THEIR HAND...



...AND UP POPS THE
DEVIL TO REMIND
YOU THAT YOU'RE IN
HIS HOUSE.

AND THE
HOUSE
ALWAYS
WINS.



SCARED
I WAS GOING
TO BLEED THE
TROPICANA
DRY ON
OPENING NIGHT,
VINCENT?



I FIGURED YOU
COULD USE A
CHANGE OF
SCENERY...AND YES,
I WOULD LIKE TO
PROTECT MY
INVESTMENT,
BONNIE.

DOMINO
MUST BE
THRILLED
KNOWING I'M
OUT OF MY
CELL--AT A
BURLESQUE
SHOW NO
LESS.



I DON'T
ANSWER
TO DOMINO.



HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND THE
SIMPLE CONCEPT
OF **BUSINESS**
BEFORE
PLEASURE.



MR. V.C. RIGHT
ON TIME, AS
ALWAYS. GOOD
TO SEE YOU,
MAN.

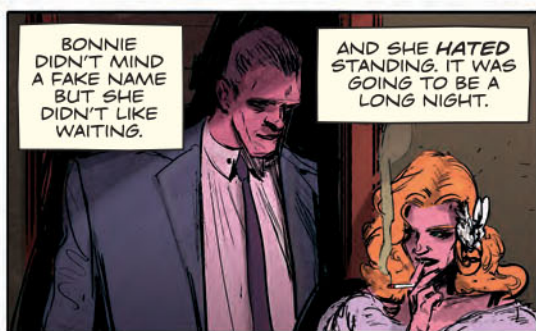
I HEARD
YOU AND HAROLD
WERE TURNING
THE **DUNES**
AROUND BUT THIS
IS SOMETHING
ELSE.

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.
AND WHO'S
THIS VISION
COME TO PUT
MY GIRLS TO
SHAME?



CHARMED.

TERRY,
THIS IS MARIE--
AT LEAST, THAT
WAS HER NAME
WHEN WE MET.
MARIE, MEET THE
INFAMOUS **TERRY**
RIGGS.



BONNIE
DIDN'T MIND
A FAKE NAME
BUT SHE
DIDN'T LIKE
WAITING.

AND SHE **HATED**
STANDING. IT WAS
GOING TO BE A
LONG NIGHT.



BONNIE KNEW THE SCORE. VINCENT'S HAND WAS DEEP IN THE TROPICANA AND HE HAD MADE A DEAL WITH DOMINO.



BUT HE DIDN'T TRUST HIM. VINCENT KNEW BONNIE WAS SAFER WITH HIM THAN ALONE AT THE TROP, BUT HE ALSO KNEW THAT BONNIE COULD TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.



HOT DAMN, GIRL--YOU ARE SOMETHING ELSE! YOU IN THE SHOW TONIGHT?

GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE.



LITTLE BIT OF SASS AND A WHOLE LOTTA [REDACTED] I DIG THAT. LET'S TAKE YOU UPSTAIRS, PUT ON A REAL SHOW. GOT ENOUGH CASH TO--



THANKS FOR LOOKING AFTER MY GIRL, STRETCH. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT.

SHURK



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE NICE.

I'M FOLLOWING YOU, HANDSOME.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE A KNACK FOR GETTING OUT OF TROUBLE...

BRENTWOOD

...WHILE OTHERS ALWAYS SEEM TO FIND THEMSELVES RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT.

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, SLATER.

MOST OF THE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T BELIEVE **HIT SQUADS** EVEN EXIST, BUT WE'VE BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE THEM IN ACTION.

YOU AND **KEN COLLINS** KILLED FIVE MEN BETWEEN 1948 AND 1950. WHEN IT WAS YOU, **MCKNIGHT**, **OVERSTREET**, AND **GOMES**, THAT NUMBER TRIPLED.

BUT LAST NIGHT, THE **MASSACRE** AT SLICK RICKY'S WAREHOUSE WITH **STICKELMAN** AND **HAYWOOD**--YOU OUTDID YOURSELVES AND LEFT NEARLY TWO **DOZEN** DEAD. BRAVO.

SORRY, I DIDN'T HEAR A QUESTION IN THERE.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS ISN'T IN THE BUSINESS OF ASKING QUESTIONS. WE ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE.

OKAY, **WILCOX**-- YOU CAUGHT ME.

